

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I coupple hell, O fiellhold, my heart,
And you my sinnowes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawe of bookes, all formes, all pressuress past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Prince of Denmarke

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord

Hora. O, wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by hea

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, wo
But you'le be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villain
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghost
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in
And so without more circumsta
I hold it fit that we shake hands
You, as your businesse and desir
For euery man hath businesse an
Such as it is, and for my owne p
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde an

Ham. I am sorry they offend
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick bu
And much offence to, touching
It is an honest Ghost, that let me
For your desire to know what is
Ore-maister't as you may, and n
As you are friends, schollers, and
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we

Ham. Neuer make knowne w

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.